

Good For What Ails You

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Good For What Ails You

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Summary

Cho's got an injury. Luna's got the cure.

Notes

Written for the 2019 [FemmeFest](#). Thanks to S for the beta!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Cho grimaced as she dropped her broom to the ground and straddled the changing room bench. She rolled her left shoulder gingerly, and gritted her teeth as the pain flared through the muscle.

“Shafiq will go spare if she sees you tossing your broom around like that.” Ginny sat down next to Cho on the bench and pulled off her shoes. Her robes had already been discarded, and she was down to her Hollyhead Harpies branded boxers and vest.

Cho rolled her eyes as the mention of their coach. “I’m the only one on the team who follows all twenty seven broom maintenance steps after every practice. Pretty sure I’ll be fine.”

“Overachiever,” snickered Ginny. She frowned and nodded towards Cho’s left side. “Is that shoulder still giving you problems?”

“Yeah,” Cho admitted. “Was it obvious during practice?”

Ginny shook her head. “No, but you haven’t been at your best lately. Not that you’re doing poorly,” she added hastily. “But I’ve seen you play better.”

Cho wasn’t offended by Ginny’s frank remarks. She appreciated that they could be straightforward with each other. When Ginny had first joined the team two years ago, the press had speculated as to how Harry Potter’s two exes would get along. There was much disappointment when the two women struck up a lowkey friendship rather than a catty rivalry or a high profile camaraderie.

“You should get one of the physios to take a look,” Ginny said.

“I have.” Cho wrinkled her nose. “I’ve seen a few, actually. Nothing’s worked. Not that they try very hard. They’re all worried about the treatments interactions with my hormones, so they always make me do a bunch of useless tests before they give me the least effective treatment option that inevitably does nothing.”

“Honestly,” Ginny said irritably, “it’s not as though you’re the only trans person in the league. Hell, you’re not even the only trans person on the team!” She raised one hand and wriggled her wrist where a beaded bracelet in nonbinary pride colors was fastened.

“Yeah, but you know how people are,” Cho said. “Trying so hard to be sensitive that they tip right over into *insensitivity*.”

“True,” Ginny said with a grin. “Well, lucky for you, I’ve got a friend who’s just passed their Healer exams, with a specialty in sports maladies. And they’re nonbinary themselves, very well versed in trans issues. Luna Lovegood, do you remember them? They were in Ravenclaw, two years behind you.”

Cho did remember. She and Luna hadn’t run in the same circles, but everyone in Ravenclaw had known the oddball blonde. Cho hadn’t been among the classmates who’d bullied Luna, but she hadn’t ever defended them, either. With everything else going on in her life, it was easier to write off the bad behavior as childish teasing.

Ginny must have sensed Cho's hesitation, because she flashed a knowing smile. "They certainly remember you," Ginny said. "They follow your stats, and always cheer when you get to play. I know they'd love to catch up. School was a long time ago."

Cho returned Ginny's grin. "It was," she agreed. "You're right. I'll meet them."

Any apprehension Cho had as she entered the phisio room the following week melted away once she saw Luna's sunny smile.

"Hello," Luna said. "It's lovely to see you again. I'm not sure if you remember me from school. It's alright if you don't."

Cho returned the smile. "Of course I remember you. You look well."

Luna's long hair was somewhat neater these days, pulled back into a messy knot. Their glasses were black rimmed and sensible looking, but Cho was pleased to see that the radish earrings she remembered seeing around the Ravenclaw common room had made a reappearance.

"So do you," Luna replied. "Although I hear you're not as well as you could be. Shoulder issues?"

Cho nodded. "Yeah, my left. It's been acting up for a while now."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Luna sounded sincere. They walked over to Cho and gave her arm a light pat. "But don't worry. I've read your file and I think I can help."

Luna gestured towards one of the beds, which was adorned with a woven multicolored blanket. "Lie down on your stomach, please. Robes and everything above the waist off, underpants on." Luna turned back to the supply table, clearly giving Cho her privacy.

Cho slipped her robes over her head and lay down on the bed. Her head rested to one side. She heard Luna humming an offkey tune as they moved around the room. Eventually, Luna sat on a stool by Cho's left side and set a mortar filled with a spicy scented poultice on the side table.

"Alright," Luna said, "this will help treat the inflammation." Luna carefully scooped some of the poultice out of the mortar and spread it evenly on Cho's shoulder blade. Cho closed her eyes as the warm, firm motions of Luna's palms worked their way into her sore muscles.

Her eyes flew back open as Luna began to hack and sputter. Cho pushed herself up to her elbows in alarm. "Merlin, are you alright?"

Luna tilted her head, brow furrowed in annoyance. “Of course I am. But you need to lie down.”

“Sorry.” Cho rested her head back on the cot. “I just... You sounded...”

“Ah.” Luna nodded. “You’ve not heard Mermish before?”

“No,” Cho answered.

“I understand,” Luna said with a smile. “It can be a bit jarring to hear without warning. But when you listen to it, *really* listen, it’s quite soothing. Beautiful, even. It’s not lyrical like human languages. It’s more of a drum cadence. Sturdy, physical. Extremely effective for healing the body.”

“Right...” Cho trailed off. She wasn’t quite sure what to say; she’d never been into that sort of woo. She was a Ravenclaw, after all. Then again, so was Luna, and *Merlin*, the way Luna’s fingers were digging into her muscles was something else. Gentle and rough at the same time, and that harsh, guttural chanting really *was* soothing, once you let go and allowed your breath flow, in and out, in and out, in and out, in time with the tempo--

“Hello? Cho? Are you awake?”

Cho blinked. She looked up at Luna, who was smiling as they wiped their hands on a towel.

“Er... sorry, did I doze off for a minute?”

“More like an hour.” Luna grinned and brushed a stray hair from Cho’s forehead. Cho felt her cheeks warm to the touch. “It’s perfectly common to go into a deep trance during a session. I suspect it is part of the healing process.”

“Oh.” Cho sat up slowly. She didn’t remember she was half naked until Luna handed over a set of light robes. They were soft, and smelled faintly of lavender. When Cho pulled them over her head, they felt warm, as though they’d been freshly laundered.

“Oh!” Cho rolled her shoulders. No pain. She grinned at Luna as she raised her arms over her head. “Would you look at that? You’re a miracle worker!”

Luna blushed and ducked their head. “It’s not a miracle. It’s cause and effect. But I am glad you’re feeling better.” Luna’s lower lip caught between their teeth before they added, “It will take a few more sessions for you to heal completely, of course. If that’s alright with you?”

“Absolutely.” Cho smiled and reached out to give Luna’s arm a squeeze. “Thank you so much. I mean, the treatment, it was brilliant, but... It was nice to catch up.”

Luna smiled brightly in return. “It was. If you’d like to chat more, I’d love to meet you for tea? Outside of sessions, I mean. I understand if you’d prefer not to. But I figured I’d ask. I’d enjoy it very much, I think.”

Cho blushed at Luna’s frankness. “Alright. I think I’d enjoy it very much as well.”

“So then, right when he’s got the Heliopath cornered, Daddy raises his wand to do the Spirit Encapsulation charm, but he stood too close and ended up catching the hem of his robes on fire. They were burnt clear up to his underpants by the time we got them out.”

Cho coughed as she choked on her tea. She set down her cup and cleared her throat. “Merlin! Was he alright?”

“Oh yes,” Luna said blithely over her own teacup, “but the Heliopath managed to escape.”

“That’s too bad,” Cho mused.

“Not really.” Luna leaned over the table with a conspiratory grin. “I suspect that it was actually a fire crab. The MacMillans down the road often keep exotic pets, and it scuttled over that way as it left.”

Cho giggled. “That’s disappointing.”

“Daddy’s a smart man, but he sometimes gets carried away,” Luna said. “There’s very little evidence that the Heliopath exists at all. It’s not as well documented as the Crumple-Horned Snorkack.”

“I see.” Cho liked the dimple that appeared in Luna’s right cheek when they got deep into conversation.

Cho and Luna’s tea dates had started a few weeks ago after their second physio session. They’d evolved into lunch and dinner dates some days as well.

Not that they were *date-* dates. Although Cho would have liked it if they were. Sometimes she suspected Luna felt the same, but she couldn’t be sure. And it felt strange to ask, since whether the answer was yes or no, their sessions would likely become awkward.

Luna reached over and tapped Cho’s wrist. “What’s new with you? You said you had something to tell me?”

Cho’s jaw dropped. Surely Luna wasn’t referring to her date question? She recovered quickly when she remembered what Luna was referring to.

“Oh! Yes, I, er. Griffiths is retiring. I’m being promoted to the starting Seeker position.”

Luna’s eyes went even wider than normal. They clapped their hands in delight and grasped Cho’s hand. Cho felt her cheeks heat up as she stared down at their entwined fingers.

“That’s wonderful news! I can’t wait to see your first match, as a starter. You’ll be brilliant.”

“I don’t know,” hedged Cho. “It’s a bit more pressure. I’m sure I’ll be fine, but I’m not sure if *brilliant* is an attainable goal just yet.”

“It is,” Luna said with confidence. They gave Cho’s hand a squeeze. “You’re always brilliant. It’s already been attained.”

Cho couldn’t find it in her heart to argue the point. Not when Luna’s palm was warm against her own. She gave Luna’s hand a squeeze in return.

“You’re brilliant too, you know.”

“Yes,” Luna said, “I do. But it’s very nice to hear.”

Cho didn’t reply, but her grin widened, and if her heart skipped a beat or two, well, that was her own business.

Cho threw her arms around her teammates and grinned cheekily as the photographers from the Daily Prophet snapped their pictures. Ginny winked at her, and the camera shutters went wild. Cho rolled her eyes. It was certain that tomorrow’s headlines would speculate wildly about the relationship between the two arresting exes of the Boy Who Lived.

The Holyhead Harpies has just beaten Puddlemere United in a six hour match that had ended with Cho snatching the Snitch mere inches from the Puddlemere’s Seeker’s fingertips. Despite all of the progress she’d made with her physical therapy, Cho had even surprised herself when she’d played better than she ever had before.

As the team made their way to the changing room, Ginny elbowed Cho and pointed towards the side of the building. “Looks like you’ve got a fan waiting for you.” Ginny’s eyebrows wriggled up and down suggestively as she looked pointedly at Luna, who was leaning against the brick wearing a warm smile.

Cho scowled and poked Ginny in the ribs, but her grin broke through as she jogged over to meet Luna. “Fancy meeting you here,” she joked. Luna had attended every single one of Cho’s games since they started working together.

Luna smiled back and reached out to clasp their hands together. “It was so exciting to watch! You were brilliant, but then again, you always are.”

Luna’s eyes were fixed on Cho’s face. Cho bit her lip and looked away. “It’s all thanks to you, you know. All that Mermish chanting did wonders.”

Luna raised one eyebrow. “I suppose. The chants are very important, of course.”

“Of course,” Cho agreed.

“Then again,” Luna continued, “it’s far more likely that the Devil’s Claw did the trick.”

Cho blinked. “Devil’s Claw?”

“Well, yes,” Luna said matter-of-factly. “It’s a common treatment for anti-inflammation. I’ve been working on combining it with Murtlap Essence, with some minor adjustments to enhance the properties, of course. I’ve written an article on it, it’s up for publication next month.”

Luna stepped closer to Cho, keeping their hands laced together. “If you’d like to read it earlier, maybe you could come round my place for dinner?”

“I’d like that,” Cho breathed.

“As a date, I mean.” Luna took another step closer. “I’m not sure that I’ve been clear on that point, but I’d like it to be a date. If you like.”

The earnest look on Luna’s face made Cho giggle. She swooped in and pressed their lips together for a kiss, soft and sweet.

“Yes,” she said, “I would like that. Very much.”

End Notes

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